

POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW. ~

OBSCURITY.

Written for the "News," of earth, we fields of Springtime, acre-builders of the plain, kingly trust and strongholu, armed deep with hosts of green-kingdom's wealth in keeping, less thy own fair reaping, a blooms among the furrows, straining upward thro' the rain.

Riches of the hills, we harvests, trium ph of the Autumn days, tracked in the pride of monarch as thy sheaves amid the hazo-Thine the worth, yet 'mid thy teeming, One who utters not the meaning.

Turns to sold the frailest tendril mong the tassels of the maize.

liants of the limber's rearing, chieft ians we of primal birth, lifting your co-eval ensign 'mid the forces of the earth, thine the might that storms may sever,

the creeping, agreeding litchens, clinging to thy fallen worth. Martyrs mid it idd's vast tumult, heroes of mediaeval lore.
Begoons ye that all the causeways for a million bosts and more,
ye the light on rame's broad pages.

But the Leath that moves the ages, by the celas of a Fuith-note tuned for ever to endure. -Judith Anderson.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

If every day was Sunday and all of fife was love
And neither on the earth below nor in the sky above
A cloud was ever gathered to eclipse the light of hope—
And the lilies of the valley and the roses on the slope
Were over blooming sweetly and the land for ever it d
With the tendrest notes of Nature that the songsters ever trilled—
if a tear of sorrow never came to dim the laughing eye.
Then pleasures would grow palling to the senses by and by.

If the sun could shine forever and the day was always fair, and Nature e a laughing Miss, with flowers in her hairif life was naught but pleasures, unknown to gloom and pain.
And there were no storms of trial and no serrow floods of rainif there were no fruits forbidden, no joys to be denied,
if the heart was never tempted and the soul was never tried—
if there were no therny pathways, like the bravest feet have trod,
The heart would grow indifferent and wander off from God.

The heart would give themes just to make the day complete,
It requires a night of darkness just to make the day complete,
And behind each wall of trouble waits a benediction sweet;
Then remember as you struggle up the hill, though steep it be,
That beyond its Alpine ruggedness ites fairest Italy,
Each sear received in righting for the cause of truth and right
Shall be a badge of honor on the breast of Honor's Knight,
The world may have its burdens and its griefs and tears untold,
The world may have its burdens and its griefs and tears untold,
But if there were no cross of sorrow there could be no crown of gold,
—Author Unknown.

which Little, Brown, & Co. publish

Oct 8, is one of the busiest of the newer American authors. Besides her

"Susan Clegg" stories which one critic

says are "unsurpassed for their original character drawing, quaint humor and homely philosophy," she is the au-thor of "A Woman's Will," published

last spring, and she is given leading

place with her novelette in the current issue of Ainslee's Magazine.

. . .

zine; "The Son of Royal Langbrith," Howells' new novel, which has been

running in the North American Re-

view; "The Truants," by A. E. W. Mason; "The Cattle Comedy," by Thomp-

son Buchanan, with illustrations in color by Elizabeth Shippen Green; "The Lady of Loyalty House," by Jus-

tin Huntly McCarthy; "Imperator et Rex: William II of Germany," by the author of "The Martyrdom of an Em-

press;" "Riverland," by Robert W. Chambers," and "The American Na-

by Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart of Har-

There very recently died in St. Louis

woman whose stories of Creole life

have been classed by many critics as

Mrs. Kate Chopin, author of "Bayou Folk," published in 1894. "A Night in

of Cable: "There are many phases of Cable's analysis of the Creole char-

acter which show that the studies are made by an alien Cable caught with exceeding eleverness the

Chopin knew them as her own blood-kindred, and when she wrote of them they lived beneath her teuch." Mrs.

Chopin was a woman of great personal beauty and known for her loveliness

of character. She was closely related to Mrs. Virginia W. Donovan, of this

city, and Miss Adele Donovan, a fre-

quent contributor to The Times Maga-

What promises to be one of the

handsomest little volumes of the fall

is now in press of the American Uni-

tarian association. It is an allegory

called "The Wandering Host," and the author is President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford University.

The story illustrates the diversity of

in matters of religious doctrine lead

Anthony Hope, now a proud father, says that "we" haven't decided yet

what name his baby daughter shall be

given, and he only smiled wisely when "Dolly," "Flavia" and "Osra" were

suggested. Miss Hawkins was born at

the house in Bedford Square, into which the novelist moved, with his

American wife, soon after their mar-

riage. For years bzefore getting into

double harness," Mr. Hawkins had

bachelor chambers in the Savoy Man-sions, just off the Strand, in which he

was often to be encountered. Bedford Square, which is in Blossombury, close

to the British Museum, is a , favorite

place of residence with actors. An-thony Hope's neighbors there includ-

ing Forbes Robertson and his American wife, Gertrude Elliott; Weedon

Grossmith, Florence St. John and Sey-

"John Gilley," by President Charles

W. Ellot of Harvard, is announced for immediate publication by the Ameri-

can Unitarian association, as the brief

record of a Maine farmer and fisher-

man, one of "the forgotten millions,

in whose simple, dignified, though obscure life is found that type of hardy character and rugged virtue in which lie the best hopes of the race.

BOOKS.

A work, which is the most difficult

The Encyclopædia Britannica and The Century Dictionary, is the Historian's History of the World. \$350,000 has been

spent in its preparation. The twenty-

ive volumes contain on an average 660

pages each, of 660 words to the page (in small pica), making a total of about 11,000,000 words. The twenty-fifth vol-

ume is occupied entirely by a vast his-torical index containing 250,000 entries.

The completion of The Historians' History of the World is a literary event of a magnitude that is not likely to oc-

cur again during the present genera-tion. The work was begun in Europe

six years ago under the direction of Henry Smith Williams, LL. D., as edi-tor-in-chief, with the aid of a large European staff of assistant editors and

editorial revisers who organized them-

selves under the name of the History

The tremendous labor expended upon it is only faintly indicated by the fact that more than 5,000 of the 18,500 pages

Association of London.

most important enterprise since

mour Hicks,

paths into which differences of opinior

searchers after truth.

superior to those of George W. Cable

Arcadie," and "The Awakening."

superficial aspect of the Creoles.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch says, paring Mrs. Chopin's work with that of Cable: "There are many phases of

vard.

a history in 26 volumes, edited

≈NOTES.≈

"A West Point Regulation," the clever little farce by Mary Shipman Andrews which appeared in the August McClure's, has been accepted by a ominent star for professional presen tation this winter. Mrs. Andrew's latest effort is announced to appear in the est effort is address. October McClure's,

The influence which the popular magazines are exercising by their researches into the important fields of conomics and sociology was illustrated at a recent large mass meeting of union laboring men in Boston where the leading speaker urged every man sent to read McClure's Magazine for light on public questions pertaining to

Booth Tarkington has returned from his long sojourn abroad and is now visiting in New York, His next story, a political tale, is to appear in the November McClure's,

The title of Onoto Watanna's new book will be "The Love of Azalea." It will be published in the fall by Dodd. Mead & Co. It will be issued in holiform, after the manner of the author's "Japanese Nightingale." Love of Azalea" will be fully illustrated and decorated with pictures and borders in color by a Japanese artist.

Charles Wagner, author of "The (McClure-Phillips), has completed his arrangements for his lecture tour in America. He will spend two months or more here. His tour will commence in October, and he will deliver addresses both in English and French to institu-tions, colleges, etc. He will also deliver a series of lectures for children.

McClure-Phillips have brought out an interesting reprint of a series of fairy tales bearing the title, "Granny's Wonderful Chair." The volume was a favorite with the authoress Francis Hodgson Burnett, and, in fact, the first book she ever possessed, and she writes a "truly" fairy story as an introduction to it, telling how the book came into her possession, disappeared, and magically turned up again many years later. The stories are unusual in their style and in their imaginative quality, but are written so simply that the smallest child can understand The book is illustrated with pictures in color.

Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays, the author of "He that Eateth Bread With has spent all her summer in a little Wisconsin town at work upon a new novel, of which the first draft is now finished. Mrs. Keays has been flying in Ann Arbor, but will spend pext winter in Cambridge.

Mr. Winston Churchill's new novel, "The Crossing," has just gone into its second edition. The first edition comprised 125,000 copies, and the book is the most widely read in the United States this year. Margaret Horton Potter's povel of India in the Thirteenth Century. Century. "The Flame-Gatherers," has also gone into its second large edition; while Maurice Hewlett's novel of Mary The Queen's Quair," is in its The Woman Errant," by the "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," is in its fourth, and Florence Morse Kingsley's tale of "The Singular Misa Smith" has just gone in-

Anne Warner, the author of "Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop,"



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cause they yield the most and best for the money; (3) because they are unequaled for smoothness, delicacy, PRADE-MARK and Savor.

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ENGLISH NOVELIST HERE.

MR AEW MASON

A. E. W. Mason, one of England's most popular fiction writers, has just arrived in this country. Dame rumor says that Mr. Mason has more than a friendly liking for Edna May, the actress, and that if Mr. Titus, who now enjoys the distinction of being her husband, is successful in his divorce suit, that Mr. Mason will wed the fair Edna.

have been translated from foreign languages, including ancient Egyptian and Babylonian, Greek, Latin, and all the modern languages, both European and Oriental. More than 60 translators at one time were employed during the prosecution of the work in London

This is the first complete scholarly history of the world published in Eng-lish. The necessity for it must be evi-dent to every intelligent reading man. History is one of the most important of all studies-the only guide to political wisdom, as John Stuart Mill saysand yet it is impossible for the average citizen to find it in accessible form, Th older standard histories alone are be-yond the average reader's power to master, and the enormous number of specialized works of the modern historical school, dealing exhaustively with brief periods, presents an absolutely hopeless task to him. He is simply lost not know where to begin and has no hope of reaching the end.

The Historians' Miss.

The Harpers' list of autumn books includes "A Ladder of Swords," by Sir Gilbert Parker, the first he has written since "The Right of Way;" "The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston: "A Dog's Tale," by Mark Twain, to be reprinted from Harper's Magazine, "The Son of Royal Langhrith" The Historians' History brings order into the field and makes his task simple. It deals fully with every import-ant event of history, and yet the entire work can be read with pleasure by a busy man, within a reasonable time. It contains the gist of 20,000 historical works.

. . . "Trixy," is a new book by Elizabeth Stuart Pheips (Mrs. H. D. Ward), au-thor of "A Singular Life," "Loveliness," etc. Mrs. Ward has lavished her wealth of imagination and her profoundest depths of sympathy on this abosrbing love story, to which she has given her most finished literary execution. The title of the book is the name of a clever, captivating little dog—Trixy—around whose appealing personand dramatic experience the action of the heroine and her lover revolves. The underlying spirit of the story is a reverence for high ideals-particularly for those which imply consideration for the helpless. A humane sympathy even with dumb creatures must serve as a true foundation for love, and for any success worthy of the name,

The publishers of the Atlantic Month ly (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), are an nouncing a book of essays and criti-cisms by Mr. Boynton, who has gained reputation during the last fer years by his contributions to that mag-azine; consequently a wide public is already acquainted with his point of view and with his excellent style.

essays themselves demand more than common attention. They deal for the most part with tendencies in Amerthe most part with tendencies in American literature, as their topics show; "The Serious and Morbid in Fiction," "The Man of Affairs as an Author," "The Reading Public," "Cleverness and Originality," "American Humor." The book has unusual scope and has equal unity. Throughout the papers there run definits convictions about American literature and settled canons

American literature and settled canons of taste. The volume should take its place among the vital books of criticism and comment upon our literature.

Goff and Mayne's "First Principles of Agriculture," is by Emmet S. Goff, late professor of horticulture, Univer-sity of Wisconsin, and D. D. Mayne, principal School of Agriculture, St. Anthony Park, Minn. While not too, difficult for boys and girls in the lower classes, this volume covers well the elements of agriculture in its various branches. Commencing with a simple discussion of the soil and its relations to plant life, it takes up, lesson by lesson the principles that a farmer should understand to raise good crops and good live stock. The last lessons deal with the simpler phases of landscape gardening, under the title, "Improve-ment of Home and School Yards," Throughout, the lessons include simple laboratory exercises. The appendix contains tables showing the constituents of folders and foods, formulas for areas, volumes, and the like, and dia grams of animals with the names of their parts. The book is thoroughly i lustrated with cuts and diagrams, and wich eight-full-page colored plates of cattle, poultry, and fruits. This volume should be widely used in rural schools. -American Book Co.

WHAT THE BEST MAGAZINES CONTAIN.

The first volume bearing imprint of the Press of "The Rose Jar" is a lightly humorous and wholly veracious navrative by Lou Lawrence, entitled "The Confessions of an Old Maid." The managing editor of the National Magazine declares it fairly sparkles with wit and wisdom and the belief is hazarded that the book is so full of human drolleries will be long remembered by readers. It is a pure story of the life of an un-married woman of today and strips the sham sentiments, which are common to humanity as well as to old maids, of much of the vell which enshrouds them Though one of the most amusing books of the season it is by no means devoid of a flavor of tender sympathy for human weakness and will repay in laughter-mayhap with tears between-for its perusal, Ready Oct. 1.

"The Prison Days of Billy MacCheeck" were full of unusual and exciting ad ventures which are narrated by Leroy Scott in the October McClure's. Though a condemned murderer, Billy MacCheeck earned the epitaph on his tombstone, "No Better Murderer Ever Lived," as the final tribute of his friend the sheriff. He died game and loyal as he had lived Refusing to escape when opportunit offered, defying lynchers, finally sacri ficing his own life to save his friend. Billy MacCheeck presents a heroic fig-ure of common life. It is a pathetic story, human and real, full of warm blood and true sentiment.

McClure's fiction, always high grade strikes the high-water mark in several of the October stories. "A Good Samar'tan" by Mary R. Shipman Andrews, "Glass-Eyed Bill" by Lloyd Osbourne, and "The Firemen's Tournament' by Eugene Wood, are all bright samples of the American short story, worth reading and remembering. McClure's short stories certainly demonstrate their claims to the fame they enjoy.

An article on "The Backward Races," by Rt. Hon. James Bryce, an article descriptive of the several varieties of hickorytrees, three good short stories, an instalment of Homer Green's ab-sorbing serial, "John Imberiay, Trushalf a dozen excellent humorous sketches, besides an abundance of anec dotes and miscallany, form part of the contents of the Youth's Compan-ion for September 15. Martha McCulloch-William's story of the hunting and capture Beard," a mammoth wild turkey; Lulu Linton's story of "A Special Course in Thanksgiving," which gave a college girl a new view of the meaning of the word and the day; and Frank Welles Calkin's Indian stoyr, "His 'Medicine' Robe," are among the varied and inter-esting contents, and there is an illustrated article describing the

IF YOU'RE SICK

Why don't you try a dose of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters before each meal and at bed-time. You'll be surprised at the amount of good it will do you. It has cured thousands of sickly men and women in the past and won't fail you now. It is unequalled for curing Poor Appetite. Insomnia, Indigestion, Dyspep sia, Constipation, Nausea, Female Com plaints and Malaria. Try a bottle and test it for yourself. Avoid substitutes.

HOSTETTER'S

several varieties of hickory trees. it is by Annie Oakes Huntington, who will contribute to later issues of the paper other articles on some of ou common trees, especially those which, like the black birch or the slippery-eim, has special interest for the small boy.

A LITERARY GOLCONDA.

Packed in musty old boxes, sheetcovered with cobwebs, always in danger of destruction by fire, the fifth largest library in this country now lies buried in San Francisco. Even those who have heard of the Sutro Collection have now forgotten its existence; even those more persistent bibliomaniacs who have at times striven to gain access to its unknown treasures have long ceased their attempt. Here on the Pacific coast, one of the four most valuable libraries in the United States, containing a wealth of material for original research, unheaded, useless, hopelessly bound up in litigation.

Adolph Sutro was a very rich and wellknown man in California. In the early days of mining in Nevada he was interested in the long famous Comstock Lode at Virginia City; it was he who initiated the gigantic plan of boring through the lode, and even today the Sutro tunnel is famous through the Then Sutro brought his millions o San Francisco, spending from time to time large slices of them in local pillanthropy. On the far prominence of the city, overlooking the Golden aGte and the Seal Rick, he built a park and adorned the edge of it with many statues and decorations of unquestionable munificence but of somewhat doubtful art. At that time the car line charged a twenty cent fare to the park, enough forbid many a poor man from taking his family to the cliffs for an outing. So Sutro, having pleaded and stormed for cheaper rates, without ef-fect, built a line of his own and forced older corporation to come down to a five cent fare. It was like Sutro to do this—a part of the same spirit that built the Sutro tunnel.

For a time the philanthrophist was an office holder, and his last term as mayer of San Francisco lasted until 1896. Along with his political prominence came his mania for collecting books the last 15 years of his life he turned energy and money toward amassing the vast uncatalogued, disordered library that is now so successfully locked up in two old buildings in the heart of the city. Today, if you are curious, you may stand on the corner of Washington and Montgomery streets, not many yards away from the What Cheer house made famous by Robert Louis Steven-son, and look up through the dust; panes of the weather-beaten Montgomery block, at the shelves of books, celling high. That is, probably the most you will see of the Sutro library. Unfortunately, Adolph Sutro left no

He had some mal will behind him. heirs, he had a daughter, and another set of children come clamoring about after his death to say that they were his. All the property became involved in dire litigation—the library with the rest-a legal pot, anxious to boil and For seven years the vast collection of books has been locked with the key dangling at the end of hopeless length of red tape, and those who are interested in the final disposi-STOMACH BITTERS. I tion of the library have been wonder what will be its last resting place. tion of the library have been wondering

be said to be so ardent in their pur-suit of literature as in their fondness for money, it will probably be sold if, on the other hand, Sutro's daughter Dr. Emma Sutro Merritt, a physician, inherits the library, it will doubtless be given to the city or to the university, Stanford would like to have the collection. Already Dr. Andrew D. White has refused a professorship there be-cause a research library was lacking the attractions of such a library would obviate this objection, not only in the case of Dr. White, but with some other scholars as well. Meanwhile, the books are perched in the very section of the city where the worst fires take placein one building over a bakeshep, which is notoriously a spot demanding a very high Insurance. Comparatively little is known about

the Sutro library; even the luckiest have only had a fleeting hour to pore over the books. The mayor was a zealot as a collector and there are probably more than 225,000 titles, but he was not as discriminating as he might have been so nearly half of the collec-tion, and this applies to nearly all li-braries, is ancient trash. The word ancient is used advisedly, because the major portion of the books date before 1700 and perhaps a third, before 1600. There are forgeries among them, and the other monuments to the wiles prac-tised by the book-seller upon the unsuspecting enthusiant, but it does not take a half-hour to run across a dozen uriosities and a finger count of some of the greatest treusures known to the The Shakespearcaps is alone of con-

suming interest. Sutro had agents con-stantly at work in England, and some of the books and documents produced by them were sent out of the British Izles under strong protest of certain British scholars. In the Sutro library one finds the "Rent Roof of Shottery Meadow," the original entry book with a vast number of facts about Shakspeare's kin and the blood relatives of his wife-it is only one of the many legal documents which bear on the life of the great poet, and here also are the four Folios of the Plays, perhaps the most interesting volumes of English

The rest of the books, bearing upon the various masters and scools of Eng-lish literature, are most interesting, but two things are particularly note-wortly—the lack of Chaucer collection, and the amount of attention that Sutro and his agents paid to Ben Jonson.
It is pleasant to read "Drink to Me
Only with Thine Eyes" from the first
edition, but one wished that there were more Chaucer and more Dryden.

Sutro made a pretence to stick to English books. In the middle eighties, the Bavarion authorities, after a per-secution of the monks, found a tremendous collection of Monastic volumes upon their hands. Literally the dust of centuries was in their clasps and though, without a doubt, their pages were full of new and original lights of mediaeval history, and though Sutro purchased them in carload lots to bring to America, they have yet to be explored.

These books, from convent and monastery, form the greatest collection on mediaeval history in this country, a mine of romance, a storehouse of marvellous literary wares.

The luck of Sutro dld not end. Not far seperated, chronologically, from his Bavarion purchase, came the acquisi-tion of a ponderous collection of manuscripts and old chronicles from Mexico, but as far as can be learned, this li-brary has never been moved from the boxes in which it was shipped, and knowledge of Mexican and California history, of Aztec and Indian ethnology, of the Jesuit movement in the south west, which these old volumes contain, is still nailed down under pine boards. Just at present California, especially southern California, is taking a renewed interest in her own history in the early days of the mission, in the era of colonization, in the subjection of the In-

it goes to the male heirs, who cannot dian; for seven years more than one eminent scholar in this field has looked for the opening of the Eutro library.

A great number of Hebrew books and manuscript, gathered together by the collector who found in there volumes a natural ractal laterest, is still underscribed and lacking a complete cata-logue. Among them is the famous "Hebrew History of the World," which for years was only known by its gou-factors, cited by the great Hebrew masters, and which was discovered according to some in Asia Minor be-fore Sutro's death. It is now one of the tarcit and most interesting books among them all.

The larger specialties are not plane.
Of still greater human interest are the

uncounted, individual curlosities of the volunies, bearing beheath their covers a collection of book plates of unknown extent, and on this side and that, our-prises lie in wait for him who can spend an afternoon in picking and peering amidst the dusty disorder. There are some fine old coclesiastical tomer—the Vinegar Bible and the Brit-

ches Bible as well; here is the prayer-book that belonged to James I., all bound in carved rosewood, here the Pualm book that was put into the hand of Charles II when he solemnly entered London at the restoration, here another

with an association, with a fale hauging upon them, and you could spend a long cycle of hours hunting down one find after another.

But there is also here a brave collection of those brave old publications, the English broadsides and pamplets that in their day built the freedom of the press, and went abroad with an irrisistible literary virility. Sutro spared no pains in gathering them, and in the no pains in gathering them, and in the pamphleteering epoch this collection is completely representative.

Files of old newspapers, which one ntuitively feels grew out of the broadside germination, are stacked together In frowning dignity. Complete files of London and Liverpool dailies, that open to accounts of Waterloo and the Battle of the Nile, of the speech on conciliation, and of the invention of the telegraph, lean fraternally on bound files of French newspapers-the journals of the Prussian war and the "Mon-Iteur Universelle" of the Revolution. They seem better than the morning's paper seemed, and you would linger over them, except for your friend who is an expert on binding, a crank on press work and an authority on illum-inations. He is calling you to leave the literature of the books to admire the technical art.

Of fluminations there is no end; the volumes from the Belgian monasteries contain many periods and even dif-erent schools of this art. Bindings of beautiful workmanship made before machinery knew books, or books machinery, and the press work of the German cities shared interest with old Latin manuscripts of the ninth century and several fine examples of the English press- the Aldine and the El-

For seven years the Sutro library has been hidden from the world, and for seven year the lawyers have fought over it. Although its existence is almorst forgotten there are still some interests in its final disposal which are ever watchful for a decision. To the California schools and colleges it has a peculiar significance because it t stays near San Francisco, is kept intact and is opened for use, there is little question that it will attract many great scholars to the professorships in the universities. But for the present and Sutro collection—one of the largest and most valuable libraries in the country-remains in its solitary confinment. Probably no one congress of volumes is equal to this in interest-it is a scholar's domain, and a bibliophile's paradise which has never been ex-

Pastor Casts Out Literary Devils.

#OUR LONDON LITERARY LETTER.₽

Special Correspondence. ONDON, Sept. 22 .- Of the making

of books there is no end, but of the making of bad books there may be an end if Pastor Howton's theory as to the source of their authorship be accepted and his method of treating the writers be adopted. Mr. Howton, who once held Holy Orders in the Church of England, but long ago set up a religious establishment on his own account, holds that bad books, from the erotic novel in yellow covers to the maudlin romance in drab binding, are all alike inspired by demons, and that he has been invested with divine power to cast out the evil spirits and rid an afflicted world of the prodicts of their malignant pens

At Glossop, a stony-streeted, prosalc little town in Derbyshire, he conducts an institution for the cure of the demon-possessed, where he makes a specinity of treating those possessed of lit-erary devils, and by exercising the noxious spirits fits their victims to become useful members of society as clerks, olacksmiths, housemaids-or for what ever occupations their natural talents qualify them. He keeps a case book in which he records some of his most sucaful exorcisms and at the head of

the 'ist he points to this entry: Case No. 1—Lady Novelist—Possessed by a very malicious demon. All her stories were inspired by him. I wrestled with and succeeded in casting out Demon. Lady fell in a dead faint, 14 hours. Revived, and completely recovered. Has never been able to write stories since; power having completely

When asked what was wrong with her stories Mr. Howton admitted that they were not so bad as many books that were folsted on the British public, but they showed unmistakable signs of the cloven hoof and possessed that subtle quality, in common with all demoninspired works, of rendering their readers easily accessible to the same species of devil and transforming them into writers of trashy fiction, or worse, The next entry records another con-

west over the evil one of which he is almost equally proud. It reads: 2-Miss A .- Very highly onnected. Brother a canon, uncle a ceneral in the British army. Possessed a Fallen Angel, which I cast out. ady has since painted pastoral scenes which hang on my wall; and is now my private secretary. Her own testimony is, "I feel just like a bird let

He does not confine his attention to

EXAMINE YOUR DENTIFRICE Acid and grit, deadlest enemies of the

teeth, abound in cheap dentifrices. Fine perfurnes do not make fine dentifrices. Your teeth deserve better of you than to be offered up a sacrifice to your pocketbook.

SOZODONT

is of proven value. Sixty years is a pretty good test. No acid, no grit in Sozodont. The Liquid penetrates the little crevices and purifies them; the Powder gives a bright

and polished surface. # PORMS: LIQUID, POWDER, PASTE. literary devils or fallen angels. At all times he is open to an engagement to cast out any sort of devil that has taken up a human habitation. One of the entries in his case book tells of a triumph over one of the old-fashioned,

This is how he has recorded it: Pastor Greening, of Leeds.—Pos-sessed, when a lad, of most horrible De-Came to the home, where fought with Demon, which eventually came hissing from patient's mouth, like a fierce serpent. In casting this devil out, the room and everything in it shook, and the chairs danced about He began to tackle devils twenty years ago, renting a small house at Glossop for the purpose at something

under thirty-five cents a week. He has prospered in his work; has built a ssion chapel at a cost of \$8,500, where the faithful gather and bear testimony to his victories over evil spirits; and is now building a large house where, with ample accommodation for his patients he will be able to carry on his vocation as a demon specialist on a big For, strange as it may seem in this materialistic age of millionaires and motor-cars, with many the faith in demons abides as strongly as it did i the old days of broomsticks and witches, and out of their patronage Pastor Howton makes a very comfortable liv-He is not at all the type of man one

associates with the ascetics of old who were reputed to possess power over evil spirits. He is a big man with a big voice, reddish hair, sandy moustache, a great double chin and waist whose tremendous girth constitutes an atroclous libel on the claim he makes that he finds in fasting one of the chief sources of his spiritual power. At his home plush-bottom chairs, comfortable couches, and soft arpets take the place of the stone loors, wooden benches and slab of roc with which the old-fashioned demon exorcisers were content.

As to his methods of treatment he

does not go much into details. When asked how he casts out the devils he

"By prayer and fasting. I spend nights and nights in prayer. Then there suddenly comes to me a wonderful power and I go for the demon right off. It's either him or me then: once or twice it has been nearly me; but I've con in the end, praise the Lord!" Each of his patients is supplied with

a separate room where, if need be, a nurse looks after him while the pastor is working up the power that will en-able him to fight it out with his parcular demon. Whenever it comes t him, at whatever hour of the night, he makes a dash for the room that hold the patient, and proceeds to exercise One of his greatest victories over a de mon, he says, was achieved when he was clad only in a nightshirt and a pair of bedroom slippers.

What damage is done to the demons or where they go after the pastor has fin-ished with them, is an open question. But they leave no truces of brimstone sulphur about the house. He adepte his charges to the purses of his patients. He once cast out a poor wo man's demon for a trifling considera tion that in American money would b something under 75 cents. He professes to cure all sorts of sickness and dis ase in the same miraculous fashion and on the same terms.

If he really has discovered how to exercise the literary devil and put an end to the writing of bad books, the

HER BLOOD TOO THIN

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It one sure remedy for making good. rich blood were used every one of their distressing affinents would disappear prayerbook, perhaps tear-stained by a king—the property of the unheppy George III. There seems an endless supply of these books with a history, with an association, with a fale hang-type them, and you could spend.

a pronounced anaemic state. I was very thin and bloodless. A friend who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a dif-ficulty of the blood and was enthust-astic over the results urged me to give them a trial and I finally bought a box. "I did not notice any marked change from the use of the first box, but I defrom the use of the first box, but I determined to give them a fair trial and I kept on. When I had finished the second box I could see very decided signs of improvement in my condition. Day after day the evidence that they were doing me good grew stronger. I began to feel better all over, and I began to have hopes of a complete cure.

gan to have hopes of a complete cure. "I used in all eight or ten boxes, and when I stopped I had got back my regular weight and a good, healthy cot-or, and the gain has lasted. I can eat or, and the gain has lasted. I can eat what I please without discomfort. My nervousness is entirely gone, and, while I had constant headache before, I very rarely have one now. I cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to women who suffer as I did."

Mrs. Stone was seen at her pretty home in Lakewood. R. L. where she is

home in Lakewood, R. I., where she is well known, and where, as the result of her experience, Dr. Williams' Pink Pilis are to be found in many households These famous pilis are sold by all druggists. A book that every woman needs is published by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. It is entitled "Plain Talks to Women" and will be sent free on request.

world will yet arise and call him blessed, and will not begrudge him the good thing he makes out of his Home for the Demon-Possessed.

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